

# Labor and Art.

BY P. B. WSET.

Sweet is the rest of the sons of toil  
Who plod o'er the flow'ry lea,  
And dwelling, subdue the stubborn soil;  
The rich reward for their long turmoil  
Is a life at once hopeful and free.

The *artisans* toil and *offerings* give,  
To instruct, amuse, or unfold  
Earth's mystic symbols; while art shall  
live,  
Its triumphs, trophies, and treasures  
receive  
And value as sands of gold.

Joy for the labor success has crown'd  
And with magical triumph bore  
In silence, thro' ocean's depths profound,  
The electric chains that have gently  
bound,  
*Our land* to the Orient shore.

The nation's of old, in vain have wrought;  
Some temple of fame to raise;  
The wasting surges that Time has brought  
In his ruthless course, has left them  
naught,  
But an echo of empty praise.

There's dearth to the soul, and desert  
sands,  
To those, who at fancy's call.  
Have wander'd afar in dream-like lands;  
They meteor-like on unknown strands,  
In doubting and darkness fall.

Toil for an earnest—and day by day;  
That the Light of Life may give  
Release from sorrow's relentless sway,  
And guide our steps thro' the darksome  
way,  
While we strive in the light to live.